ſters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſ Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ Page. You little Iack-a-lent haue you bin true to vs.

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford. Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris

Miſt. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn.*
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well n

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wo
an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of
would giue an excellent motion to thy gate
circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if F
foe, were not Noture thy friend: Come, tho
hide it.

Miſt. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſ
Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Com
cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a mani
liſping hauthorne buds, that come like women
apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry
time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee;
deſeru'ſt it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to wal
Counter-gate, which is a hatefull to me, as the n
Lime-kill.

Miſ Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue y
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, heere's Miſtris
doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking w
would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee
the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatlin
Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt. Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you do
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Pag*

M. Page. O weladay, miſt. *Ford*, hauing and
to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpiti

M. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?